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Foreword

Up, lad; thews that lie and cumber
Sunlit pallets never thrive;
Morns abed and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive.

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover
Breath's a ware that will not keep,
Up, lad: when the journey's over
There'll be time enough to sleep.

("A Shropshire Lad"—A. E. HOUSMAN)

Life Begins at 3:20

THE time is 2:20 p. m. on a Friday afternoon. The place is a college classroom, Shakespeare being the subject taught therein at that particular time.

A score of girls, in all stages of dress and undress within the limits of modesty, enter singly and in groups until the room is comfortably, or in the opinion of the girls, uncomfortably filled—each girl thinking that it might well do without *her* presence. Some of the girls are powdered, rouged, lipsticked, hatted and coated—in short, they show signs of departing the campus as soon as Shakespeare and the cruel professor will give them leave. Others are more informally turned out, being stockingless, hatless, and the owners of "shining morning faces," innocent of cosmetics.

At last enters the professor. A breathless pause ensues as all await to see whether he will close the door and seat himself at the desk or call all lax and erring students to their doom in the form of a test held in the classroom across the hall. A general sigh of relief follows, a slumping of the spine, and a hiking of the feet to the rail of the chair in front—for the professor has seated himself, with an elfish grin for the consternation he has caused.

Then there is the opening of books and the resolve to grin and bear it, do or die, bore and be bored for the next hour on the part of the professor and all students, whether they be town bound, homeward bound, or campus bound. I will skip the unhappy interval between 2:35 post mortem and 3:15 of the same gruesome business. Suffice it to say that life is to begin anew at 3:20; all students get ready at 3:15 to take a new lease on life.

Sir John Falstaff may be getting off his most delicious jokes, his most killing humor and underhanded jabs, or his nimblest feats of wit through the medium of the professor's rendition—but that is not life. Life awaits the more favored of the class at the Rialto in the form of a Mickey Mouse comedy or Eddie Cantor's latest musical. Shylock may be about to cut a pound of flesh from Bassanio's shaking bones—but that is not *life. Life* awaits in the form of the latest detective thriller or a tour of the ten cent stores.

Romeo may be making his eternal vows to Juliet in the immortal balcony scene, but that is not *Life. Life* may be enjoyed only by paying thirty-five cents at the Capitol to see Lilian Harvey in My Lips Betray or Ann Harding in The Gallant Lady. A storm at sea may be imperiling the life of Desdemona's beloved Moor, but that is not *Life. Life* awaits the impatient Shakespeare class in the form of a lost motion ride to town on the college bus, which travels in an upward and downward as much as in a forward direction.

There are but two more minutes to go. One young lady dons her coat, resolved to be prepared for life whether it be hot or cold. Another of the same takes out her pocket mirror and adjusts her hat to its most piquant angle, resolved to be ready for life, no matter how exacting it may be. All eyes, including the professor's, fasten on the clock. The hand lacks but a hair's breadth of the fateful moment. Resignedly yet somewhat gladly, he closes his book; he has given up the ghost. And now the interlude is over, the period of stagnation is done, and—Life begins at 3:20.

Down the Long Road

BY RIETTA BAILEY

RUBE WILKES walked slowly up the path from the barn and stopped by the gate and stood there holding the pail of milk in his hands. A feeling of peace came over him as he looked over the quiet fields, dim in the fading light. They really belonged to him, those fields, even if Mr. Judd did own them. He'd never lived by, worked with 'em; he'd never known how it made you feel to get up before the light and be there by sun-up working all morning with your face to the sun and coming home when the night was cool. As long as he could remember Rube had had that feeling—a feeling that here in these fields was where he ought to be. They were home to him, and nobody else's could ever be.

Some day they would belong to him, be in his name, and Mr. Judd couldn't do anything about it. That was the way it ought to be. Mr. Judd never understood what a farmer had to do. It was only a burden to him. He always expected the crops to be bigger and never knowed the sun 'ud parch corn if the rain didn't come to help. Mr. Judd always seemed to think it was him and Pa as had blowed hot on the stalks and made 'em turn brown and wrinkled and bend over like old men thin and helpless. It 'ud come nearer to being Mr. Judd. He'd never been there to put the seeds in the broke ground, cover 'em and wait fer 'em to sprout. He never knowed what watching a crop grow was. The corn aparchin' there in the biling sun when it was gittin' full and ripe was a hurt inside Rube. There warn't no help for it. It was the money hurt Mr. Judd. There was another spring coming though and him and Pa'd 'ud gather a good crop. It seemed funny how the rain just missed.

"Rube Wilkes!" loud came Elvira's call from the kitchen, shaking Rube from his dream. "That milk'll be clabber before ye git here. I can't be waitin' around. I need a cup of that fresh right now. Fotch it on in here."

Rube slipped his long arm over the fence, raised the catch and passed through, closing the gate after him. He took his time going in. Never was in him to hurry round. Ma was always at him about being slow, but there warn't no use tearing round the rate she did. He stopped up by the chinaberry tree and looked far down the long road; nothing coming.

"Reubin!" Elvira shrieked.

"I'm acomin', Ma," Rube answered her quietly and stepped up on the back porch.

"You set that milk pail on this table and get down to the road and see if yer pa's comin'. Don't walk s'heavy on this kitchen floor; them cakes 'll be fell."

"He ain't a-comin'; I just looked. 'Pears to me hit's atakin' him quite a spell ter git hit. He usually comes long about sundown."

"Well hit ain't good dark yet. Don't bam that chair down; if hit's anything I hate hit's fell cake. You'd think they all was Minerva Meadows'. I told her I didn't see how she managed to get 'em all alike and she says one always was as tasty as the other. She's askin' fer the preacher to feed him cake that's so heavy he'll feel like he et buckshot."

"Is that preacher eatin' here tomorrow? Rube asked his Ma.

"Rube Wilks, you know I ain't cooking three cakes fer none of the like of ye and Hiram. Now, you 'n Hiram 'd as soon eat corn hoe-cake and never know what ye missed. But Benjie—

Rube walked around to the house, stepped up on the porch, and called in to the kitchen to his ma.

"Pears to me hit's takin' Pa a spell to git home."

"Hit's the furst Sa'dy, Rube, and you know your Pa don't mind hangin roun'. They's boun' to be folks from up the red land as he ain't seed and they'll be pow-

erful plenty fer 'im to say. Minerva Meadows is always saying how tasty her cakes is, but if you ast me they's plum flat as a fried eggplant they's fell s' hard. How she could set up and ask fer the preacher when she can't cook no better'n she does. I don't see.

"Yeah, Benjie 'd know. Thar ain't nothin' Benjie don't know, 'cordin' ter him, and look what hits got him."

"Ain't you shame, 'cusing yer brother, it won't Benjie's fault the money never come in."

"Yes'm, I know." Rube knew Ma'd never see his way.

Elvira Wilks' kitchen was the cleanest in the country. Every pan shone, her floor was scoured twice a week stead of once and more often if Pa and Rube tracked it up too bad. Elvira herself was as clean as her kitchen and a day's work never showed on her spotless apron. She went on with her cooking, her trembling soprano rising in praise to the Lord. Rube sat in his cane bottom chair leaning against the back porch, his toes wrapped around the bottom rung and looked far off, down beyond the pasture into the ruined fields. His blue eyes steady and deep.

"Wuz your Pa gonna see Mr. Ezra today?"

"Yes'm today's the day. Mrs. Ezra ain't heard about the hay, and I don't think he knows we lost moren' half the corn."

"Now, Rube," Elvira came to the door, —filling it with her large frame, standing there, her arms akimbo, she looked capable enough to tackle any handicap. She spoke gently to her son. "Rube, there ain't no need you settin' there worrying over what the Lord sent. Yer can't stop nor start rain, and if the corn's got parched and the hay ruint it ain't your fault. Worry about something you kin help. Git out to the well and fotch me a bucket of water.

Won't nothin to do now fer the fodder, but spread it out and hope they'd be some dry. Fodder been rained on fer three days tho', warn't much chance fer it. This was a good piece of land, too—the crops had been pretty good. Nothin' to work im with, no niggers to help. Won't no use thinkin' tho' hit's done by this and warn't no helpin it.

"It ain't the Lord as worries me, it's Mr. Ezra."

"Well, it oughter be the Lord."

Elvira was more concerned than usual over the Lord today. She and Minerva Meadows had had a set-to over who was to get the preacher. Elvira knew he oughter come to her place, it was cleaner and fitener for a pastor than Minerva's, him a new preacher, settin' down to rations that hadn't been half-cooked. Minnie's new parlor furniture might be better'n hern, but they was something besides settin'. The other ladies had finally agreed to let Elvira have him and since then her house had been turned upside down in preparation. She had been too busy to notice Pa was extry worried. She had to git the spare room ready and do all the cooking. Meeting was bound to las' tomorrow and she warn't aiming to leave 'fore it was over, folks 'ud think she couldn't manage. Made her feel quare tho' to look at Rube s' down in the mouth. They won't nothing Mr. Ezra would do; they'd been on his place too long to git turned off now. Pa'd worked hard as he could. Things just hadn't broke right. Furst the hogs got stole, then Benjie got into trouble, then the hay crop and the corn. This fall didn't look s' good. Wonder what was keepin him s' long.

"Is them niggers come back yet, Rube?"

"Yes'm all of em come but Hardy. He's allus too drunk on Saddys to know where he is. They said they ain't seed Pa."

"Well, they ain't no need fer us to fret. Them mules is gettin slower every day."

"Can't help but feel somethin's wrong, Ma, him a stayin s' late."

"He'll be on I reckon," Elvira said slowly beginning to feel queer herself. Soon she was lost again in her work in the kitchen and loud her voice rose in "Dwelling in Beulah Land."

When the saints of earth shall gather
Over on the other shore.

With her white dish cloth she beat the

flies out of her way, set the cakes out on the table to cool and began cooking Hiram's supper. Rube went off to look at the hogs again. He walked through the darkness down to where the branch was and sat down there. The water made a soft sound as it slipped past. It seemed to be kind of still a minute and then flow. Rube had always liked to hear it. Soft water that didn't gush or roar and there were always violets there in the spring. The brightest reddest maple leaves always floated down it when the fall came and the nights came soon. Sitting there now Rube saw only the darkness reflected in the water and maybe a little starshine and he thought of Nancy, how he loved her and couldn't marry on account of the money. This year was worse than last. What if Mr. Judd sent them off. What—if—He couldn't sit there and let himself think of that. It was't going to happen. They'd been on the place too long. He walked back through the pasture and to the house. Far down the long road he could hear a slow rumbling and he knew it was his Pa. Dread filled his whole body and slowed his walk. Elvira came out on the porch.

"Is that yer Pa comin', Rube?" she asked him.

"Yes'm I think it is. He's down by Mossy creek, I reckon."

"I'll go dish up the supper. You put the mules up fer him. He'll be wore out."

"Yes'm, I know."

Rube waited there by the fence till his father came in sight. Soon's he saw him round the bend he opened the wide gate to let him through. Hiram Wilkes never looked down at his son, just drove the mules around to the back of the house. Rube followed him and began unhitching the team.

Hiram Wilkes was an old man, a little bent, he walked slower now than he used to and his eyes didn't seem to look anywhere. Slowly he walked up on the back porch, washed his face in the tin pan and dried it on the long towel hanging by the wall.

"Glad ye got back, Pa." Elvira's voice came cheerily from the kitchen. "Got your supper up. You set down when you're ready."

Hiram went into the warm kitchen, pulled his chair up to the table without a word.

Elvira leaned out the window and screamed to Rube. "Make haste with them mules, Rube, your supper's getting cold."

The light from the oil lamp on the table did not reach Hiram's face, he sat in the shadows, his head raised a little, his face not quiet.

"Ye see any of the folks, Hiram?" Elvira asked him fearing lest she say the wrong thing.

"Yeah, seen Josh and Ed. Josh made a good crop and they never got the rain we did last week."

"Well, then I reckon they lost their corn, too."

"No, they had rain when we didn't. Josh made out the corn was bad, but Ed says most of it was saved."

Rube came in from the back porch and pulled his chair up by his Pa's. Elvira was busy at the stove.

"Elvy." Slowly Hiram spoke to his wife. Rube dropped his fork, and was still. "Elvy, it's come. Mr. Ezra says fer us to git out by Monday morning. The new tenants 'll move in."

Elvira never said a word, just stood there, then began shoving wood in the stove. Finally she stood up and looking from the window.

"Where air we gwine, Hiram?"

"Josh said he'd putt us up fer awhile."

"Is Ruby at Josh's?"

"You know she's still there, Elvy. She's there to stay."

"Josh ain't married her?"

"Yeah, las' week."

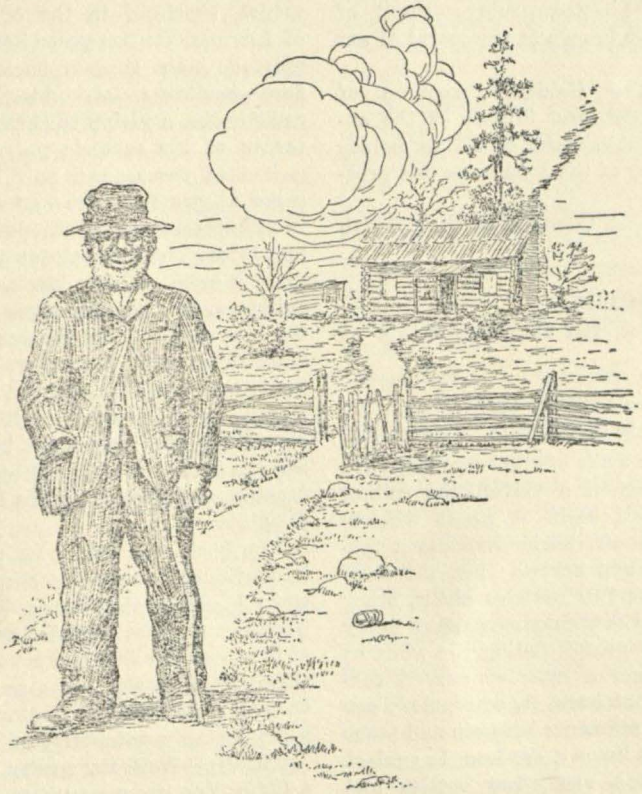
Rube got up to leave.

"Rube Wilkes, don't you be goin' nowhere. Your Pa ain't able to pack these things. I reckon ye better step down to Minnie's and tell her she'll have to take the preacher. Ain't nobody else close enough to notify."

"I'll be on back, Pa," Rube told his father.

Rube closed the kitchen door back of him, walked blindly into the night down

the path by the barn into the quiet field lying still under the night's sky. Into the quiet fields that were not home to him now. For a long time he stood there, his hands hanging helpless by his side, his eyes looking deep into the darkness, into the loneliness of places he would live in far from home.



The Dove

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

BY NELLE MALONE EDWARDS

CHARACTERS:

Titian of Cadore—Master of Venetian painters.

Pietro Aretino—Dreaded and respected defamer of reputations, prince of black-mailers, and friend of Titian.

Domenikos *Theotokopoulos — Pupil of Titian, later known to the world of art as El Greco.

Lavinia — "The Golden," paragon of beauty, model, and inmate of the expansive establishment of Titian, holder of the fancy of the Master at this present time.

His Holiness—A Cardinal of the Spanish College.

A servant.

Time:—About 1570.

Place:—Venice, the suburban estate of Titian.

SCENE I

In the Studio

The marble walls of the large room are hung with Venetian velvet, the ceiling is beamed and high. A great window across the center, back, discloses a terrace beyond, and beyond this, the open sea. There are few articles about, other than manifold canvases perhaps in every stage of development, facing the walls at intervals. Upon a massive carved cassone or chest at back, R. of window, are many pots of pigment; brushes and other paraphernalia lie on a credeza, L. against the wall. Here are wine bottles and glasses also.

Titian, now nearing the end of his lusty old age, sits C. "laying in" the tempera fundation of a huge canvas before him on an easel. He draws from Lavinia, who stands R., facing him. She is a startling study, swatched in some golden stuff, her amber eyes soft and dreamy, her shining hair done in the gracefully sensuous fashion of the Venetian ladies of the Renaissance. A suffused light falls on her from above through the tall window. Her slender hand is at rest upon a carved Date chair of dark wood.

Of late the Master has used no other model, revelling in the opulent beauty of Lavinia. He has posed her crouching—glorious hair thrown back and falling free—reclining, stretching her golden nude limbs, a vision to charm the satiate tastes of his esoteric patrons—once on a bed of roses—and now with a black slave at her feet who has enveloped her in shimmering raiment—perhaps to meet her lover. The old painter rests his foot upon a stool. A little black cap hides his baldness. His beadlike eyes squint under the drawn brow as he dashes on color after color with the assurance and dexterity alone of the Master. He does not hurry, never becomes excited, but those who know him intimately, beholding this certain gleam in his eye, whisper that the Master is experiencing the keenest inner delight.

The back of a dark youth is visible as he works at an easel set against the back wall L. He paints so quietly that he seems in another world. Lavinia glances at him over her shoulder covertly now and then. At last she sighs and shifts her weight from one foot to the other. After a bit Titian speaks crisply.

Titian:—Well, my pretty one, rest for a little. You are weary it seems. Isn't my little bird tired? Always beautiful small feet tire sooner than gnarled old hands, eh? And why is that?

(She sits, drawing her train about her bare shoulders, while he continues to work.)

Titian:—You should rejoice to stand until the Judgment upon these alabaster feet, my lovely one. They are no feet of

* The Dove.

clay—alabaster, yes, shining and white —such as are fit only for an angel of Heaven! Beautiful—beautiful!

Lavinia:—But I am not an angel, my lord, I am only a poor human—and a woman. (She shifts her position so that she is able to see the back of the youth, and continues to watch him surreptitiously.) The heavenly and divine ones have infinite patience, have they not, my lord? Well I have none of it!

(She turns from the unresponsive form of Domenikos. Plain disappointment floods her face, while the Master still remains absorbed in his work.)

Titian:—Yes, my sweet. And the philosophers tell us that we may have anything we desire by patience—patience and waiting—

Lavinia:—(Raising her voice) And what do they know of it? Waiting, waiting. I do not believe the philosophers!

(Titian rises, at length, and walks haltingly away from his canvas; in the manner of an artist, he observes it from a distance.)

Titian:—You do not believe, eh—ha, ha. Well, my Golden one, will you believe Titian when he tells you that this painting is to be the greatest work of all his lifetime? Subtle Color! (Rubbing his hands together). Ah, yes. You perceive that the master of them all knows a beauty when he sees her, eh? And he knows a work of art when he begins one. It was a fair day when he brought the queen of them all to his house, eh, my lovely?

(He turns and comes toward Domenikos.)

Titian:—And now let us look what the pupil has done while Titian was beginning a masterpiece.

(Domenikos rises as he approaches and stands at his side, never putting down his brushes.)

Titian:—(Straightening as he observes the work.) (Titian glances at the canvas and then at Domenikos sharply). So, you will defy me, will you my young Greek? Will you still defy your Master? What makes you think that you know how to paint? I have shown you over and over again the one way to handle the color. You have seen from my hand precisely how to lay the tone of the figure on lightly with the tampera, then to paint the flesh in with the oil glaze in layers—according to the course of nature when she wrapped the body in several coverings of skin!

Domenikos:—I remember, my lord, but—

Titian:—But what? Here you bring me a distorted writhing of muscle—and bone! No beauty! I tell you no beauty! What you work for is beauty—finish! Ah, There is no painting without beauty—none!

(He fidgets and his exasperation shows in every aged movement. He walks away and stands haughtily C. Lavinia has retired L. back. The young Greek faces the front for the first time in speaking to the Master. He is handsome and carries his sparse age with dignity. He stands with head up and looks squarely at the old man, who walks about in his annoyance.)

Domenikos:—I thought, my lord, that you would approve my composition. I have drawn my figures together with all the strength I was able. I—

Titian:—(Stamps his foot). Stop. I have given my criticism. No light in the flesh, I say. Composition—? Bah! What of it if you lack color? You have too many figures. And you cannot even paint one! But why should I upset myself when you are only an obstinate child brutalizing the human body on canvas! Away with it!

(Throws up his hands in a weak gesture) Away—Away!

Domenikos: But, my lord, I have studied the "Paradise" in the Ducal Palace for hours. I counted near 500 figures yesterday in this one painting. And the drawing of each is well. The painter Tintoretto—

Titian:—Stop your profanity! (Raging in earnest). You know that it is forbidden to speak that name in this house! If you prefer him to Titian, why did you not choose him for your Master? (Stamps his foot again.) Now go. And do not stir

from your apartment, until I shall call for you.

(Domenikos quietly puts away his brushes and goes L. through the large doorway. Lavinia, who has slipped into a chair at L. of cassone and is practically out of sight, brightens as he passes, as if to make a sign to him, but she thinks better of it. Titian sinks into his chair at the easel and begins to pull on a cloak he has thrown off while painting. A servant enters R.)

Servant:—My lord, His Holiness the Spanish Cardinal, a visitor in Venice, wishes an interview. He is without—attended. He wishes me to say that he would discuss matters of importance with your lordship.

Titian (Looking up): Mmm?—Well. Yes, yes. I knew that he was in Venice. Indeed, yes, I shall see him. Open my doors to him. I shall see him here. Show him in.

(He rises in his slightly palsied way and replaces the canvas on the easel with a highly colored image of a high church dignitary. From scepter, vestment, and crown, it is none other than the Pope. He contemplates it a moment and then turns it face away. A curious smile plays about his bewhiskered mouth. He presses his palms together as he is wont to do when a commission is in grasp.)

Titian:—Ah, yes—the Cardinals of Spain should be pleased to be painted by one who portrays the Pope with such excellence. (Chuckles). Spanish ducats—a-ha! warm Spanish ducats—

(The servant admits two attendants, whom His Holiness follows, decked in the distinguishing hue of his position. He is a lean man with restless eyes, that penetrate whatever they fix upon. Titian bows stiffly and motions the attendants to place a chair for him R.)

Titian:—(still bows profusely). Rest, your Holiness. (Indicating chair). Welcome to Venice, and to the humble studio of thy servant. We are honored by your visit, for we have heard of your fame as a connoisseur. You do not often grace our city with your presence.

Cardinal:—(Sits, nervously glancing about all the while he talks.) Kind words, Lord Titian. I am in Italy on a special mission and I am in Venice on a yet more special mission; I am pushed for time, so let me come to the point. It is this: His Majesty, King Philip of Spain wishes an altar piece for the Church of the Escorial. It must tell the story of Holy Saint Maurice and his cavaliers and must be of shape and dimension for the chapel of the Saint. In truth I come as emissary from His Majesty to explore the Venetian works of art and to choose a painter for the commission. (After a pause—still looking about him). Your lordship's beauteous pictures have always pleased His Majesty.

Titian:—Kind words, I reply in my turn, Your Holiness. My success is the sweeter for praises from Spain. It is my good fortune that I have not delivered this piece (indicating the one on the easel). Being familiar with the subject, your Holiness will be able to recognize the skill of my workmanship. (He turns the painting of the Pope about face and comes over to the Cardinal's side.) Is it not a very speaking likeness of His Excellency?

Cardinal:—(Tightens his mouth. His chin falls on his chest. He gazes for a long moment and then turns to Titian and replies with spirit.) I do not wish to see any portraits of the Pope or of any of his associates at the Vatican. (Moves as if to rise). Have you nothing else to show me my friend?

Titian:—But—but—I do not understand—this should please your Holiness much indeed—such sincere likeness—I have portrayed the pomp with such majesty, such splendor—as a Pope should possess. (Slyly—comes closer). I could do the same for the militant Saint Maurice—or indeed for your Holiness himself—

Cardinal: — (Motioning): Take it away, I say! I do not wish to see any more of this portrait. Is this the extent of your religious works for exhibition? (Wrapping his mantel about him). If so, my business is elsewhere.

Titian:—(Taking down the canvas

with the aid of an attendant). No, no, as your Holiness must have heard, my variety is limitless! Come, let us invite a lighter mood. I shall show you something that will awaken the most jaded spirit in Italy, or in Spain either, for that. Something to soothe the haggled brain of a sovereign — or a master of Church burdens.

(He brings out a gorgeous nude of Lavinia. As he places it, the eyes of the Cardinal stray past it to the easel of Domenikos, R., behind which the nude has been at rest, and stop there.)

Titian:—Behold, your Holiness. Tell me. Does not this sight give one a new faith in Heaven?

(The eyes of the Cardinal have not left the easel of Domenikos. They seem riveted to the painting.)

Cardinal:—Perhaps—But not in the altar piece of a Saint. (With increasing concern). Let me look at this painting—in the corner there. From here it is very interesting—hypnotic—It is a floating spirit—not an earthly thing. Why did you not show me this, friend artist—ah—Let me see it more closely—more completely, yes, immediately! I cannot wait to observe this strange apparition! (As Titian hesitate thunderstruck, he has risen and walks over to the R., backs off, hand on chin.)

Titian: (Laughing mirthlessly.) Oh, that is nothing, your Holiness. Nothing at all. Merely the unfinished effort of a stubborn pupil of mine—no texture—no glow—no beauty. It would not please your Holiness.

Cardinal:—But it does please me. I cannot take my eyes off it!—Why those outstretched arms lead up—up to the Savior! (Raises his hands as he speaks).

Titian:—Merely an illusion, your Holiness. The very stretching is that which pulls the figures out of shape—they stretch until they are no longer figures—they are wraiths. I cannot break him of this habit.

Cardinal:—(As if under a spell). An illusion, yes. A heavenly illusion!—with figures like flames on the altar—and the hands—they are winged hands—at home in the sky!— (Breaking off). I must see this young pupil of yours at once, Lord Titian. It is he who must paint the altar-piece. Spain thanks you for your aid. He must paint for the Escorial, yes. I have never before seen the spirit of Spain in paint—mystery—struggle—where would I find this young man?

Titian:—He is busy with heavy duties, your Holiness—Oh—I could not permit him to be disturbed today.—Perhaps tomorrow—I could send your Holiness a message—

Cardinal:—(Stops short in his preparation to depart). One thing more—he has never painted a portrait of the Pope, has he?

Titian:—(With pride). Assuredly not. Only the foremost painter in Italy has painted His Excellency!

Cardinal:—Very well. (With meaning). I shall contrive to see this pupil, your lordship. Good day. (He sweeps out).

(Lavinia slinks away L. Titian calls a servant).

Titian:—(Shuffling up and down). Where is Lord Aretino?—Find that scoundrel—Say that I wish him to come here at once. Where has he been these three days?

Servant:—He has shut himself up in his residence, my Lord, after the long fiesta, to do penance.

Titian:—Well, call him out. It will take more than privacy to purge him of his blasphemies! And he calls himself my friend—doing penance while I suffer defaming and mutiny!

(Servant opens door and Aretino himself stands on the threshold smiling. He is satyr-like, bearded, thickset, impudently regal).

Aretino:—(With a mock bow). Good day, my dear Titian. Behold a chastened man. (Coming in). I hope I have squared myself with the Pope for my extravagant activity during the carnival season! I have done penance enough to last through the next—in advance—(He seats himself in the chair vacated by the Cardinal). But—it was worth it—She was a pretty little thing! Tell me what the world has

been about in my absence. (Serious). Why, my Lord—you seem ill at ease?

Titian:—Yes—stranger Pietro. You are here in good time. I am in distress. As you know, Pietro, I have ever had a desire to draw from the golden bounty of the coffers of Spain. And now, ah, I see that yellow store slipping from me, truly—even as the sun slips down the sky. I am about to lose a commission, Pietro, the first — perhaps many commissions — if something is not done at once, I—

Aretino:—Sit down, Lord Titian. I have never seen you in such a state of discomfort! (Smiles insinuatingly). First I meet the Spanish Cardinal scurrying darkly away as I enter—then I find you a-tremble and as nervous as a lost child. Be calm, my friend. Let us consult. What is before me? Have I to remove the gildings from some presumptuous noble—some foundling title—or what indeed? Either were sweet meat to Aretino the cunning, eh? I live by the sweat of my pen, you know! Given a goose quill and a few sheets of paper, I can mock the universe! Good cheer my Lord.

Titian:—(Sadly still). You have bravura, my lord. But my concern is a reputation yet unborn. That makes the mockery a different matter, eh?

Titian:—(He sits). It is the Greek, Pietro. He has annoyed me since the day I bagged his gold and contracted to tutor him. He riles me! He disobeys!—He mocks me! The Cardinal likes it!—He would have none of my portrait of the Pope—he spurned it utterly—and the passing populance even bowed down to it while it dried on the terrace! The Cardinal comes to bargain for an altar piece, I show him a perfect work, and he—mocks me—I say—

Aretino:—(Who has broken into guffaws of burlay laughter). My Lord Titian, if you continue, I shall be forced to believe that you are losing your youth! (Laughing). Do you not know the story of King Philip and the Pope? You should keep up with life—Ah, ah—ha—ha—how long could you live without old Aretino the scandal-monger, eh? (Shakes his head.)

Titian:—Tell me at once. What is it?

Aretino:—Quite simple. An agent of the Pope in the Vatican punched the face of this Spanish Cardinal. Philip, in his pride, took counsel to challenge the Pope to a duel. The duel has never come off, but they are at each others throat as ever. Hah, hah. So the Cardinal shrinks from the image of his offenders, eh? For myself, I hardly blame him.—But what about the Greek? What did he?

Titian: — The Cardinal scorned my nudes—his praises were only for that rebel, Domenikos. He must be mad! He wishes to engage him to paint the altar piece for the Escorial. I put him off and sent for you. (Sits down with a gesture of futility.)

Aretino:—Ah, yes. The Greek is proud—arrogant—strong! (Coming over and, almost in a whisper). And he can paint! New—different! (Pause). He is dangerous—I say also. (Low voice). Why not be rid of him?

Titian:—But the contract states that he shall stay here another month. I cannot defy the law. And I cannot bear his arrogance—or his painting—or—or—

Aretino:—Wait—the law of Venice would not search at length for one who dropped quietly out of the world and was never seen again. Do you think? Is he known—?

Titian:—(Looking at Aretino sharply) You mean—? True—he has no friends. He is not known out of my estate—He is a great menace to me—an ever growing menace. (Sighing). Perhaps you are right. Yes—Pietro, you are right.

Aretino:—He is dangerous. (Smiles). Tonight we shall pay this Domenikos a visit with the rise of the moon, and we shall tell him of his good fortune with the Cardinal—we shall drink with him to his good fortune with the Cardinal—we shall drink with him to the future Court Painter of Spain—even as we drink now. (He hands Titian a glass which he has filled at the credenza R.) And on the morrow the Cardinal will wonder why he does not come from his cote, this Theotokopoulos—this little "dove" so anxious to be on the wing. (In

a whisper). I have a little potion that will send him soaring!

Titian:—(Glass in hand). (Chuckles). Well said, my Pietro. You solve all my troubles as does the warm red wine! To my friend and counsellor! (Drink). And now I shall proceed with my masterpiece, something you have not seen, Pietro. You will gasp with delight! (Calls a servant).

Titian:—Call my model—Lavinia, yes, the Golden One, I shall paint this afternoon! Oh, how I shall paint? (Rustles about gathering brushes and, etc.)

Curtain

SCENE II

In the Quarters of the Pupils and Models.

A passage extends all the way across the front of the stage. At intervals, twisted posts in the Venetian style rise to the low vaulted ceiling. Opening off this hallway, directly back C. is a wrought iron grating across a double doorway. Inside the door, velvet curtains are caught back from the center with a gold cord. It is night and a lamp on a long table within the room, right, casts a soft glow about. Lavinia stands before a long mirror, L. arranging her hair which shimmers over her shoulders down to her waist. She is in a flowing white robe. At a small noise, she comes forward and looks anxiously down passage to the L. Soon there is the distinct echo of footsteps and she waits at the iron grating, peering out. Domenikos emerges cautiously out of the darkness. As he stands at the gateway the shadow of the grating makes black arabesques across his head and shoulders. Lavinia thrusts her hand through the grating and he takes it with dignity. He speaks in a very low voice.

Domenikos:—I came because you asked it, but it is against the law of the house. Did you not know? The pupils and models are forbidden to speak. If we should be heard—

Lavinia:—But, I have a very great thing to tell you. Your work—your life depends upon it! Wait. (She turns, throws a purple cloak over her shoulders, and opens the gate with trembling fingers. The silence enshrouds them like a blanket.) Come inside and our voices will not reach them.

Domenikos:—(Gazing for a moment at her overwhelming loveliness—as if from a great distance.) I think I had better stand here. If they should find me, I cannot tell what they would do to me.

Lavinia:—Come. You will be safe within. We have only a moment. (As he still refuses.) No? (She comes out.) Domenikos—(she speaks with emotion)—with the rising of the moon, the Master and Aretino, the black-mailer, will seek you in your apartment. They would talk to you of a commission from the Cardinal of Spain, and would drink wine. But beware. If you taste their wine, you will never see the sunlight again! (She pauses, surveying his shy youth, the effect of her words—her eyes grow misty.)

Domenikos:—But — why? How could that be? Why should they? I have never harmed them. There must be a mistake. They have no cause—

Lavinia:—He was so angry with you that he forgot I was in the studio today. But I know this myself—the Spanish Cardinal came. He preferred your painting to anything of the Master's, and vowed to find you someway. The master grew furious. But, Domenikos, (She trembles)—the Cardinal says that your hand must execute the altarpiece for the King of Spain! You will be famous! All the world will know your name!

Domenikos:—Paint for a King! Me? I cannot believe it! It is a dream!—But why do they want to kill me? And why do you risk everything to tell me this? (He is looking at her intently.)

Lavinia:—I pieced it together from what I knew and what I heard when Lord Aretino came, late today. And—it was so cruel—besides, they said that you had no friend — no one would ever know. (straightens herself.) I had to tell you. I wanted to. My heart would not let me be silent!

Domenikos: — (Incredulous) you—are my friend? I thought everyone scorned me here!—You are very kind. (He takes her hand and gently kisses it.) Now I

know why the Master calls you the most beautiful woman in all Italy.

Lavinia:—(Drawing away her hand and clasping it with her free one.) You must hurry, my friend. The time is all but here when those two will tread these very stones upon which we stand. Make haste. In your room, take whatever you have there of value and drop out of the window. No one will see you on the terrace at this hour. Hide until dawn. Tomorrow, go to the Doge's Palace. Ask to see the Cardinal. Tell him who you are. Do not answer any question. No one must ever know how or why you left the Master. That would be—(There is a noise of a closing gate R.) Oh—they are coming!

Domenikos:—I cannot leave you here. Where will you go? Tell me?

Lavinia:—Oh, do make haste! I shall —I shall—Oh—Perhaps I shall go away. Hurry! Oh, why do you stay?

Domenikos:—I must show you how I thank you—go with me—let us both—

Lavinia:—(Pushing him on). Oh! go —or it will be too late! You shall be famous! That will be my reward. May all the Saints speed you! (She kisses her hand to his retreating form. When he is gone, she closes her eyes a moment). Goodbye, young Domenikos. (He disappears L.) Goodbye—

(There are voices from R. A light appears as Titian and Aretino enter, each bearing a torch. Lavinia has slipped deftly inside the grating and comes out to meet them as they approach.)

Lavinia: — (Clasping her shoulder.) Oh, my Lord—I was just coming to seek you. It is those pains again. In my ankles and in my arms. Do you remember I had the same malady after posing all the day for the "Venus"? You gave me a sleeping potion then. I cannot rest. I have tossed for hours.

Titian: — (Surprised and irritated). What, little bird? You should be abed. You have not been fluttering about too much tonight, have you? It is too late—quite—late—your imagination—nothing more. Run to bed. Away! (Motions Aretino to continue down the hallway.)

Lavinia:—(Catching his cloak as he passes.) But I shall not be well enough to pose tomorrow if I do not sleep, Master, and we will lose the day on the masterpiece!

Titian:—(Hesitating). Well — yes. I must paint tomorrow. We must work. (Making up his mind). Very well—yes—I shall fetch you the powder—and return at once. Pietro—at once. (He shuffles off R.) I shall join you.

Aretino:—I suppose I may as well proceed with the business, I shall make a beginning, and pour the wine—(He starts down the passage L.)

Lavinia:—Oh, your lordship! Do you deny your company to a maiden—restless and unable to sleep? Tarry a bit—here. I have heard always of the brilliant Lord —Aretino! He who carries upon his person a magic cure for every mood! (She walks toward him.) (She touches his shoulder). They say that he has the power to make a woman weep—rejoice—love—sleep—anything! I have wondered (She smiles and bows her head). And often I have desired to speak to your lordship—in the studio—But he has never even noticed that I was drawing breath! (She inhales deeply, pulls her robe tightly about her body and comes close to him). But, you see, I do breathe, your lordship. I am very much alive.

Aretino: — (Smiling sardonically, he takes her chin.) Yes. I believe you. And you are also very beautiful—beautiful indeed. Huh—So you have heard of Aretino the archdemon, eh?

Lavinia:—(Drawing away). No, no, my Lord—Aretino the Magnificent—the powerful—the wielder of magic. (Carelessly). Come sit down and tell me of these little spells of yours, my Lord. (She draws him down on a long bench). I am anxious to learn more of magic. Women are so curious—Could you not show a potion to such a curious woman? If she were—as you say—beautiful?

Aretino:—You women! Charming robbers! You would know everything—and you make it impossible for us to refuse. You are not satisfied until you rob us of all our secrets!

Lavinia:—(Coming close again.) But

you do not mind—so very much? Let me see—now, show me a potion that produces —let us say—silence!

Aretino:—(Chuckling). Well, well. It could not harm anyone—to settle the whim of the fair! (He draws a small packet from under his cloak and holds it in his palm before her). Now—here is a little spell that projects a sure silence into whatever it attacks.

Lavinia:—(Subtly transferring it to her own palm). How wonderful—(Holds it to her nose and sniffs it.) Miraculous! And does Lord Aretino use it often to keep still the most ardent of his—ah—beautiful admirers? (He is obviously enjoying himself.)

(Titian comes in from R. and Aretino attempts to recover the little packet from Lavinia, but she deliberately turns to meet Titian, who addresses her).

Titian:—Here is this for you, my little dove. (Hands her a packet similar to the one already in her hand.) Sleep well, and be ready early on the morrow. We shall begin very early.

(Lavinia turns about and hands the potion she has received from Titian, to Aretino.)

Lavinia:—Lord Aretino has just been telling me something of magic! It is fascinating—he has been very enlightening. Good night, my lords. (She retires inside grating and begins to draw the curtains.) Now I shall be asleep in a twinkling.

(A slightly puzzled expression comes over the face of Aretino. He finally shrugs, puts the potion under his cloak, and continues after Titian, who has already started off L.)

Titian:—Come, Pietro, we must attend to matters of import. Come along. Come along!—

(They disappear as Lavinia takes one final glance, sighs heavily, and pulls the curtain together, shutting out the last sourde of light.)

FINIS

The Women in Byron's Life

MARGARET MUNROE

SHE was a most unhappy woman. In her crude way, she adored her wicked husband who had married her only for her money. She was an uncouth, vulgar country woman, disliked by everyone. Her fiery temper and crude manners were intolerable; and they were not nearly compensated by her few moments of tenderness. Just such a woman was the mother of the wicked Lord Byron. No doubt, she loved her "lame brat," but she never knew how to be a mother to him. He hated her because she seemed to take a savage delight in hurting him; and because she was ugly, unattractive, and unpopular.

Mrs. Byron placed Byron largely under the care of his nurse, May Gray. May Gray was most entertaining with her weird superstitions and tales of hell-fire and damnation. Byron inferred that everyone was headed for hell because every day he saw sin committed—and by its denouncer, too (May Gray). May Gray explained to the small boy exactly what kind of a wicked person he would be by heredity. The Byrons, for the past two generations, (and the present one, too) had been famous for their sinful lawlessness. Surely this child would outdo his forefathers combining the hellish Gordon temper to an already ignoble inheritance as far as character was concerned. However, HE was to be Lord Byron!

Thus, the childhood of Byron was most emotional and disturbing, spent with these women in a supposedly religious environment of doctrine and catechism. Even as a child, and sensitive even then, he looked to others for love. Mary Duff was his first infatuation. Margaret Parker came a little later on. Thoughts of these childhood sweethearts turned his mind into romantic channels. He found that he could gain satisfaction by dreaming of love.

Mary Chaworth, a charming girl, was the first to win the heart of Byron. He was madly in love with her. She, being a little older, took this fat little lame boy who knew about verses in a more brotherly manner. Byron really loved. He hoped to marry. Mary filled him with higher thoughts, and even ambition. He hadn't begun his dissipation then, and she was everything to him. Mary married—but not Lord Byron. He was crushed. All of his dreams were wrecked. He carried back to school with him an air of melancholy. He found that the boys viewed this with astonishment and admiration. He had been betrayed by love! This caused him to exaggerate his feelings probably, or at least to wear them upon his sleeve, because I really think he felt the loss of Mary. Around men he posed as a man who realized the perils of love, had tried women in the balance, and scorned them. The way to conquer them was to despise and not to love. Around women he was only shy.

Suffering calls forth poetry; so Byron wrote. Elizabeth Piggot was shown some of his works by her brother. She immediately became interested, and was a great help to Byron at this time. She encouraged, praised, and even published his verses. Treating him with a sisterly affection, she even helped him overcome some of his shyness.

Because of his broken heart, Byron started losing weight. He then reduced until he became gaunt, accomplishing an ethereal yet bored and disinterested look. He became the ladies' man of Southwell, caressing all the women contemptuously and still retaining his respect for virtue. He got into debt spending money freely on the women and giving sumptuous parties. He tried to overcome his love of Mary! But even after four years when they met again at a dinner party, he knew he was still enamoured of her. He was unable to talk and affected coldness. This

caused her interest to prick up so she paid him more attention. He knew he wouldn't' be able to resist her and couldn't bear seeing her as another's wife. He left England.

While abroad Byron's attitude toward women changed. He found the dark-eyed senoritas (and senoras, too) of Seville flattering him, and the beautiful women of Cordez begging for his love. Liking to think of himself as having a heart of marble he forbade himself to fall for the uncertain "troubled and troubling" look of Mrs. Spencer Smith (the look was caused by her short-sightedness). However, she did "dig" his yellow diamond. At Athens Marianna, Katrinka, and Teresa claimed his attentions. He had intrigues uncountable and retained no longer his respect for virtue, but heightened his hunger for the appeasement of his own desires. Byron started his life rebuffed and craving sentimental love. After his travels abroad, he was even willing to pursue his lawless passions. He found the women just as anxious too.

In England again Byron became the pet of London society. On reading some of his verse, Lady Caroline Lamb demanded an introduction. Society was needing someone to admire, and quickly accepted Byron as an idol. Byron soon found that his appeal lay in his melancholy love for solitude and cynical attitude toward women and love. He affected it even more until all the women flocked about him begging introductions. Caroline Lamb made a fool of herself over him, always worshipping him, following him about, and making public their relations. He liked her for her attractiveness and good company, but her forwardness and intellectuality repulsed him.

Byron met Augusta, his half-sister. Not expecting what he saw, he was most agreeably surprised at her attractiveness and good looks as compared to all the rest of his family he had ever met. Their similarity attracted him. They were both rather shy; and together, perfectly happy. The contrast between her and Caroline Lamb was most striking. Augusta didn't have a great amount of intelligence. He needn't necessarily be witty to amuse her. She would laugh at almost anything her "Baby Byron" did or said! She worshipped him and yielded to his every wish. Her very attitude combined with Byron's passion led to the horrible crime they committed. Even Lady Melbourne was shocked at the thought of incest. (It pleased Byron to be able to shock this immoral-minded mother of his former mistress and aunt of his future wife). Augusta possessed the happy faculty of being able to forget and be happy. Byron brooded over their crime, relishing the tart flavor of remorse. He was "forever chewing the cud of his errors" in his thoughts. He had been disappointed—therefore he would be an outlaw and a man of crime about love; yet he would be chivalrous after a fashion, with his heart that always "alighted on the nearest porch." The miracle of poetry to him was that in writing it he found a total capture of himself. He thought himself "a fallen angel born of the supernatural and guided by destiny to crime."

Byron and Anne Milbanke were never meant to be married. Anne's first refusal attracted him. She later wrote to him, and during the ensuing correspondence they became engaged. It was a most foolish thing to do. They had seen each other but a very few times. But then, the marriage was not for love, or for money either. It was a new experience for the selfish, egotistical Byron. He liked to know that he was astonishing his friends. And too, he thought (until he saw her again) that he and Anne would get along very well. As for Anne, she was so hopelessly in love with him that on his visit she was particularly dull, being unable to carry on a conversation. Byron postponed the wedding. He asked Anne to reconsider. Anne was wild for him, and wouldn't hear of breaking off their attachment. She knew him to be her own "fallen angel" and expected to reform this man whom fate and circumstances had made wicked. After they were finally married, with marked reluctance on Byron's part, she knew that she could never reform him. With her intellect and psychological knowledge she

tried to analyze him. She could do nothing. To begin with, Byron was particularly irked at the thought of being married. Anne irritated him so unbearably that he would go into rages. Her shocked, concerned submissiveness caused him to rave more. Byron loved to feel that he was being dramatically effective to his audience no matter how he achieved that effect. He sent Anne home just after Ada was born. At home, under the influence of her sane, well-ordered parents she, while even yet loving Byron, decided to leave him forever. Byron was astonished! He never dreamed that such a thing would happen —with all the women so mad about him, and his wife leaving him. If she had come back to him he would have treated her the same way as before. They were never intended for each other. Meanwhile, many ill-reports had been getting out and public sentiment had turned against our hero. Even as honor guest of Sarah of Jersey, he and Augusta were completely and most uncomfortably snubbed.

Byron decided to leave England. While making preparations to go to Switzerland from Dover he began receiving mail from Claire Clairmont and he finally condescended to plan a meeting. She became his mistress before he left England, and followed him to Switzerland. With her she brought Shelley, introduced him to Byron, and they became warm friends. Shelley brought with him a Wordsworthian philosophy and treated Byron to large doses of it. Byron showed his susceptibility in adopting the philosophy so scorned in his youth. Also he discovered in his misery what hell really is—the hell within the soul. This punishment was no end of help to Byron (and in saying Byron, I mean his poetry, too, because after all, they are all just the life and emotions—sometimes exaggerated and a little drawn upon). Byron thought of Augusta and Medora, their child of sin. Claire was with a child. His wife had deserted him and taken Ada, his daughter. He knew that this was hell.

Byron played around with Marianna, Signora Segati, and Margarita without becoming seriously involved. It was the pretty and attractive yet childish and tactless Countess Guiccioli that won his heart. The count being an old fellow and rather a reprobate himself, they carried on their affair quite openly and frankly. The countess so young and simple had child-like faith in her lover and displayed him proudly to all her friends. She adored him and was quite sure that he was the most charming of all the lovers, the best of all the poets, and really dear and sweet at heart. Loving her the way he did, Byron tried to live up to her ideal of him. In her he found more real joy than in any other woman in his life, and even some contentment.

If it could be said that Byron was a victim of circumstances—the women in his life would be the circumstances. As a child he had no mother love, and stories only of hell-fire and his wicked inheritance. As a youth he was betrayed in a love he had taken seriously. As a young man, women all begged and pleaded for his sinful love. As a man, he was allowed by his sister to commit incest; and then he was forced into an unsuitable marriage by a worshipping maiden. Not until five years before he died did he find a woman suited to his artistic temperament, firing his ambitions rather than his temper.

Back Seat Drivers I Have Known

BY HAZEL BIRCH

THERE are two types of back seat drivers: The bad and the worse.

The "bad" are made up of that charming group who apply imaginary brakes, violently honk the horn, and give the driver instructions as to which is the shortest route to the next block. They also play the part of the little helper by keeping the driver well supplied with the information as to how many cars are flying toward him at once from all directions, and as to the fact that that other fellow can't drive either, and that one can never tell what another person is going to do.

The one redeeming quality of the members of this group, the one quality that promotes them to the "bad" division instead of the "worse," is the fact that there is a slight possibility of cure.

I once knew a boy who had an extra horn installed for his mother. In her opinion this made the world a much safer place to live in, and she saved lives daily by honking it. The poor boy was the victim of killing glances intended for the horn-honker, and if a fairy godmother in the form of a traveling salesman of novelty horns had not come to the rescue, I do not know what his fate would have been. The boy secretly exchanged the old horn for one that made a sound commonly known as "raspberries" and awaited sweet revenge. He got it. In the midst of traffic his mother, with chin thrust forward and eyebrows raised, defiantly pressed the button and was greeted with a distinct "blah! blah!" She hasn't honked a horn since then.

But this first type is mild when compared with the second. The "worse" don't say a word; they don't need to. They express their emotions too clearly by attempting with a sudden gasp to draw all the surrounding atmosphere through their teeth, by sitting alert on the end of their spines and craning their necks in every direction, and by grimly holding to the side of the car as if prepared for the sure death that awaited them at each corner. They also flatter the tortured driver by heaving long sighs of relief, which say only too plainly, "Well! we were lucky to get out of that alive!"

While dealing with the worst back seat drivers, I must tell of a certain girl who always played Girl Scout for her friend when he drove. One day when they were driving peacefully down the main street of a large city, she looked up and saw the traffic light change from green to red. He, since they were already half-way across the intersection, stepped on the accelerator; but she, always prepared, grabbed the emergency brake and brought the car to a halt that threw them both to the floor. A truck crashed into the rear, another car crashed into the truck, and cars from both sides plunged in to make a grand traffic jam. The car was new, he had no insurance, and the engine was jammed and ruined.

"You didn't see the light," she gasped.

I think he should have choked her. It was his duty. But he didn't; he married her.

If all drivers had such sweet dispositions as that one, the world would be a very nice place to live in. They haven't. I haven't. I can't feel very much love for people who don't know how to drive, themselves, but refuse to give others credit for knowing how. They are hurt if their instructions are not accepted graciously; they think they are brave to intrust their valuable lives to another person. There should be a law against them. There should be a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Drivers," but there isn't. And if some day my body is disentangled from a pile of wreckage that was once a car, I want this epitaph to mark the spot: "Back seat driver did it."

God and Man in Europe

BY LOUISE JOHNSON

CHURCH and state face one another in Europe today; the church, which says "Man is nothing," and the state, which says "Man is everything."

In Germany, Hitler has gained supreme power over the destinies of that nation, and has received from the Nazis, who control the land, the oath of fealty to himself. In Rome, the Pope has denounced Germany's paganism and exaltation of race. Germany stands today where she stood twenty years ago; the war and the years after do not exist in her sight, or, if they do, exist only as an incentive to redeem so-called dishonor and avenge defeat. Her ideals are changed only in that they are strengthened. Germany stands where Rome stood two thousand years ago—drunk with her boasted power and civilization and ready to make the world kneel. Rome did make the world kneel—but where is her empire today?

Once the church, God's vicegerency on earth, tried to prove that it was all-powerful—the ruler of men's minds and bodies as well as of men's souls. The church has found its aim impossible; that man must be, to some extent, the maker of his own earthly destiny. Ecclesiasticism has found that God cannot be all and man nothing; Nazi Germany is yet to learn that man cannot be all and God nothing.

Hitler has formed an oligarchy in Germany, with himself as dictator. He has dispensed with Christianity and reinstated the old Teutonic gods, who are merely the glorification and idealization of the physical traits of the race. Thus the Germany of today worships itself, its own image, its own people and power. Moreover, it worships not that which is best in man, his recognition of dependence on God, but that which is worst his desire to prove his ascendancy over God and the rest of the world.

Nazis and Fascists may come to blows in Austria but both under the skin, are socialists. Both stand for principles fundamentally the same. Hitler and Mussolini both bore the name of socialists after the World War. Hitler has outstripped Mussolini at present in that he has dared to defy the church, but both have established a personal dictatorship, and a policy of nationalism that borders on imperialism. To the east of the Nazis and Fascists stands communistic Russia, which neither recognizes God nor defies man, but relegates man to the category of machinery, controlled by chance.

Opposed to the socialists and communists of Europe is the church. The rest of the world looks upon this scene in wonder and dismay. Which of these three opposing forces is right, humanity asks? Which shall prevail? None wholly or for long, in the logical nature of things, is the answer. For man is more than nothing and less than everything. Each race and nation, with the powers God has given it, and the attributes of God that are in it, will work out its own temporal destiny.

On Wearing Glasses

BY BETTY NEW

AT the verdict, "cross-eyes, wear these glasses for all purposes but reading and sewing," my heart sank. At last it had come! I was not only to be a little queer looking with a Hapsburgish sort of lip, and a flat foot or two on the pedal end, but I was also to be cursed with that stamp of schoolmarms and mean spinsters, spectacles! How, I asked my ambitious and romance-craving soul, was I EVER to find a husband now? And why, did I have to wear the things where everyone could see me, and not just in the privacy of my own boudoir along with my chewing gum! Oh, well, Fate was at least kind in that my cross didn't show and I could keep the cause to myself. But I forgot the roommate Fate had bestowed on me!

When we arrived back at school, the first person I met was my good friend Laura who wore glasses comfortably for close reading because of eye strain. She greeted me with seeming hilarity. "Tee, hee, why Betty Stayer (that being back in the days B. M. also known as before marriage) who ever would have supposed that you were cross-eyed! And near sighted, too!" To which, of course, I hastened to add that it wasn't really cross-eyes, but merely crossed planes of vision and not at all visible to the observer, cursing of course that a betrayal should have disclosed this newest dark secret of my existence. Judas, that's what my roommate was becoming!

The next companion encountered was more sympathetic. She had been wearing the things every waking, or perhaps I should say looking, moment for ten years, and I counted over to myself the number of very ardent swains she seemed to have . . . it must have been at least two . . . and there was hope! She reported consolingly that it really wasn't bad at all when you had lived through the first three years, that by that time they had become so very necessary to the eyes that it seemed a rare privilege to have them to wear. Whereupon in my secret heart I vowed never to become used to them so that I could at least be nonchalant when I had very special dates, or went visiting in a new town. That was the least I could do.

That night was to be my last fling before the glasses should be ready for me. My roommate and I were invited out to dinner with some very sophisticated cousins of hers and there were to be two equally sophisticated young men there for our dates. My last night with romance . . . I determined to make the best of it! And with sophistication, too. Ah, Life was being cruel to me. What if my young man should fall a victim to my charms during the evening and besiege me with flowers and things . . . how would I ever explain, and what would I do when he discovered that I had to wear them perhaps forever . . . certainly not propose marriage! I'll admit I was a bit disconcerted when I arrived at dinner to find that my date not only wore glasses, but actually wore the old-fashioned shell-rimmed kind that is so hideous, and in spite of such an evident drawback began to live up to all I had expected and even went so far as to remark that he did not mean to be "shooting a line like a college boy" but that he was convinced I had the most remarkable and loveliest black eyes he had ever seen, and it was very evident that he had seen plenty of eyes. Oh, I wish in vain to this day for the return of that long lost belladonna!

Monday found the glasses in my post office box in all their stylish Ful-Vue less. The first day was the worst. The bridge pressed on the sides of my nose like the Empire State building would have done. The ear pieces were ruthlessly severing my ears from my head by the

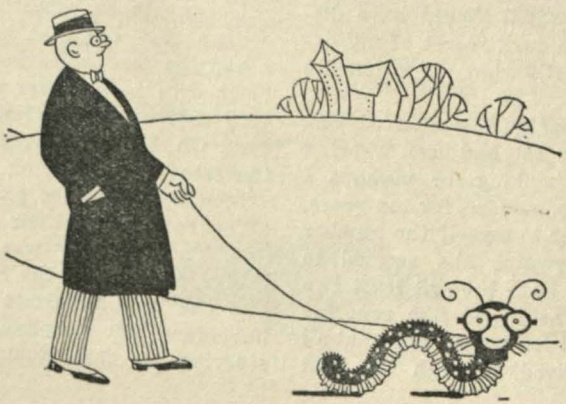
time night came. There was not much difference in my powers of vision except that I could distinguish the lines between the bricks on the dining hall building from the chapel and that provided me with a new chapel diversion. There was no sign that my cross-eyedness had abated the least bit. No less than fifteen people had remarked solicitously or perhaps in the hope of making me feel better that really I looked very intellectual and no end "nice" in my new ornaments which had a very great effect on my spirits. I was beginning to feel that life was not worth living.

But, as my good friend said, the first three years are the hardest. Since the eventful time of my putting on glasses much has happened in my life. In the first place my eyes have gotten steadily worse and I now find myself able to weep spurious tears copiously at any given moment. I can see anything from a pin to an automobile double at certain times, and I might add, I am a total abstainer.

I have found myself a member of a great fraternity that is world-wide. Perhaps the name of it is the Amalgamated Brotherhood and Sisterhood of the Glasses-Wearers of This and Other Planets. Membership in this huge organization which transcends all classes and races of people gives one the conversational liberty of discussing the varieties of Myopia, astigmatism, myopic astigmatism, astigmatic myopia, of course, cross-eyes, farsightedness, cock-eyes, and just plain weak eyes. There is an infinite number of arguments to be made on the subject of the desirability of tortoise shell or pink gold frames, the best oculist in the city and the states, and even, on a quiet sea voyage, the best one in the United States and Europe. There is no voice nor language where the conversations are not appropriate, and in the case of a difference in manner of speaking one is still enabled to look sympathetic and demonstrate the trouble.

My roommate has also taken to the glass and I am in a good position to criticize and tell people that she can't see straight because one eye works faster than another, and best of all, I don't room with her at all any more.

But the climax to all this, and yea, I attribute this near-miracle to these same specs! I have managed to get married! How, Iwould like to know, could I have enveigled a sophisticate (well, comparatively, I guess I should say) into marriage if it had not been the effect of that belladonna making my eyes that lovely soft, black they were and forcing the man to ask me for another date and find that he likes people who have enough sense to overcome outward defects by the beauty and charm of the inward spirit! And I'm safe, because it will take years and years for him to find out the defects of the inward spirit, if he hasn't already. Ah, me! Three years have passed over the calendars of the world and my life is completely changed; I think I shall wear these things a hundred more and then see what happens!



*The Wesleyan Art Collection**

IN the early fall a letter came to Wesleyan from Helen Eastman Ogden Campbell, an alumna and now an artist of prominence in New York, as follows:

"For the past year or two I have had an ambition to gather from some generous artists, a group of pictures for Wesleyan, some representative pieces of work by well-known people. I have had to feel my way before mentioning it to you, but my first expression of this desire was met with so generous an offer that I am writing you of the plan."

Soon after that letter the first painting arrived, and today eleven beautiful works of art—watercolors, oils, pastels, a lithograph—hang in the halls of the oldest college for women, all given by the artists themselves.

These, and others which have been promised to Mrs. Campbell for her Alma Mater, will live on the walls of the college buildings for the delight of many students through the years to come.

Mrs. Campbell's portrait of Dr. W. F. Quillian, former president is among these representative paintings by contemporary artists.

Because it was one of Mrs. Campbell's favorites, Miss Harriette Bowdoin selected an oil painting of an old fountain in the center of a garden for the Wesleyan collection. It is called "The Fountain" and appeals to Mrs. Campbell, not only because its blues and greens impart a "tranquil restfulness," but because the picture shows, on either side of the foreground, two "bear grass" plants which lend an atmosphere of Mrs. Campbell's own beloved South where these plants grow in so many old gardens.

Born in Massachusetts, Miss Bowdoin lives at 36 Gramercy Park, New York. She is painter illustrator, craftsman, and teacher of art, beside being a member of a number of art societies and serving frequently on art juries. She is a member of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, the New York Water Color Club, the Pen and Brush Club of New York, and the Society of Painters of New York. She is affiliated with the American Federation of Arts, and is connected with Barnard College, New York.

The painting that she has sent to Wesleyan has been in many exhibitions. An amusing incident happened one day while Miss Bowdoin was at work by the time-mellowed fountain that was the garden's chief attraction. She came into the garden one day to find a ladder leaning against the fountain. Someone in charge had seen her working and had repainted the fountain to improve the looks of her picture. Fortunately, she had almost completed her work before this calamity occurred.

The only lithograph in the collection at Wesleyan was given by Weyman Adams, who has inscribed it "For Wesleyan College." It is, like several other pieces in the collection, typically Southern, a scene of a negro church—a touching picture of a humble, work-worn negro congregation in their Sunday finery with their voices raised in a spiritual. Mr. Adam's wife is a Southern woman, and this lithograph was made on a visit to the South.

While this artist's chief field is portraiture, he has become much interested in lithographing, and has received honorable mention in the Second International Exhibition of lithography and Wood Engraving in Chicago. He also received the John T. McCutcheon prize for lithographs in Chicago in 1931.

"The Survey" for July 1, 1930, carried copies of several watercolors by Weyman Adams, the group entitled "Southern Sketches" and showing negroes in characteristic poses, standing on a street corner "mouthing"—carrying the week's wash easily on their heads, idling in doorways in their sunbonnets or bright turbans.

The cover of the Literary Digest for January 5, 1929, was the portrait of a lit-

tle girl and her dog, called "Marguerite and Buster," by Weyman Adams. He has won so many honors and prizes with his excellent work, that the list of them is too long to print.

The first painting for Wesleyan's collection was a watercolor called "On a Southern Plantation" and it was given to Wesleyan by Gladys Brannigan who is herself from the South. It shows the gateway to the famous Wormsloe Gardens in Savannah, and its old stone walls, shadowed by the live-oak trees with their long festoons of Spanish moss. This painting was shown in the New York Water Color Club and in the American Water Color Society, and was sent on a tour of the country by the American Federation of Arts. Mrs. Brannigan received the B.A. and M.A. degree from George Washington University before attending the Corcoran Art School at Washington, D. C., the National Academy of Design, and the Art Student's League in New York. She is also a member of the foremost art clubs of that city and of Washington.

One of the eleven works of art presented is by the hand of a man who is known for his scholarly attainments as well as his work in the field of art. This is Professor A. J. Barnouw, Queen Wilhelmina Professor of Dutch Language and Literature at Columbia University. He is the author of books on travel, history, education as well as a translator. One of his latest translations is that of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales into Dutch. Before coming to this country, Professor Barnouw taught at the University of Leyden. He is a native of Amsterdam.

"Chief Weasel Feathers," Wesleyan's pastel by Professor Barnouw, as he writes in his own words, was made two years ago in Ft. Browning, Montana. He is especially interested in Indians and also in the natives of South Africa, where he spent several months recently doing portraits. With so much delving into the Indian Mounds around Macon, this representation of the Chief of the Blackface Tribe is of especial interest.

There is an especially exotic still-life in Wesleyan's collection. It is called, "The Old Carving" is an oil painting of a lovely white jade figure, faintly reflected in the brass tray just behind it. The table top is of that red which is rarely seen except in Chinese silks. The rendering is careful and the finish smooth and realistic. Ruth Payne Burgess, who sent this charming bit of art to Wesleyan generously sent with it a handsome old gold frame which seems to have been made for this especial picture.

Mrs. Burgess is well known for her portraits and etchings. She is prominent in the art world, being an ex-president of the Art Students' League, a patron of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and a member of many societies for painters. Her home is "Athenwood," Newport, R. I.

Since the visit of Madame H. H. Kung, wife of the Chinese Minister of Commerce and Industry, to Wesleyan in 1932, Wesleyan students have had an especial interest in things Chinese. Madame Kung had three sisters who were students at Wesleyan also, and all of them are today recognized as the most prominent and influential women in China. Madame Kung brought many embroidered coats and mats to her old teachers and classmates at Wesleyan and the same warm red which colors them gives Mrs. Burgess's painting of "The Old Carving" its rich Oriental beauty.

Wesleyan is particularly fortunate in owning a fine example of the work of George Pearse Ennis, one of America's foremost painters. His watercolor called "Moonlight" shows the pathway of the silver beams through dark, tropical trees. It is for landscapes such as this and for marine paintings that Mr. Ennis is noted.

Mr. Ennis is represented in most large exhibitions and his paintings hang in museums all over the United States. He is also known for his fine stained glass windows, some of which adorn the Unitarian Church at Eastport, Maine, the Church of All Nations, New York, New York Military Academy Calvary Methodist Church, Bronx Chapel of the Methodist Episcopal Church Hone, New York, and the New York Athletic Club. Mr. Ennis is presi-

dent of the American Water Color Club and director of the George Pearse Ennis School of Painting in New York City. He is also a member of the Southern States Art League and has taught art in Florida. The Encyclopedia Britannica carries an article on watercolor painting by Mr. Ennis, and he is a founder member of the Grand Central Art Galleries in New York.

Another man who has been influential in art circles and who has made his contribution to the Wesleyan galary is Charles C. Curran, a member of the National Academy of Design, in which he is a teacher at the present time. The painting which he has sent to Wesleyan is called "Hillside, Mount Vernon, N. Y." The coloring is in the more subdued hues of fall, and pictures a rocky hillside covered with grasses. Since Mr. Curran is often identified by his wind-blown hilltop pictures, done in a careful and delicate style, Wesleyan has a typical piece of his work.

Louis F. Berneker and his wife Maude F. Berneker have both added to Wesleyan's collection. Their selections are in striking contrast as to subject and coloring. Mr. Berneker's portrait of "Emily," a young girl, is all in delicate shades of blue, while Mrs. Berneker's "Red Bowl" vibrates with warm shades from purple through red and orange to bright gold. Both are oils.

The remaining contribution is a decorative watercolor. The best description of it is given by the artist herself in a letter accompanying it, which shows that Berta Briggs is a painter with words as well as pigment. She tells of "The Church at St. Michel" in the following manner:

"The watercolor which I am happy to give to the college collection was painted from a sketch I made at LePuy, in the central part of France. It is a curious volcanic region and in LePuy itself there are three extinct volcanoes, thrusting up from the fields like giant thumbs. On one of them is a great Romanesque church, on the top of another a tiny Crusaders' church built in the tenth century, and on the last a sixty-foot statue of the Virgin, made of bronz melted from the cannon taken at the battle of Sebastopol.

"My sketch was made from this last point of vantage, looking down at the little Crusaders' church of St. Michel, a picturesque, irregular edifice, reaches only by toiling up 250 steps cut in the volcanic rock. All about lie the rich fields of that fertile country, dotted with red-roofed houses."

Mrs. Briggs is past president of the National Association of Women Painters and Sculptors. She says that she sends the painting in memory of the interest her mother had in many Southern schools and colleges.

As the collection grows, these works of art will bring happiness and inspiration to Wesleyannes down through the years and will unfold before them the world that opens upon the sight of America's foremost painters.

**(Editor's Note:—The above information was kindly furnished by the Alumnae Office, which has charge of receiving, framing and hanging the paintings as they arrive.)*

TO THE MOON AND A STAR

I saw the moon the other night
With a wee star-sentinel by,
And it seemed a thin, fine sword of light
That keenly cut the sky.
The wee star-sentinel lowered a bit,
So lonely and weak and shy,
I felt my heart reach out to it,
So alone in the cold, vast sky.

Gene Laney.

Scribes' Page

MELODY

You are the exquisite song
I learned to sing—
And I hummed your melody
Day and night.
Today I heard the old refrain
Carried by the wind.
And I hummed a new song
To KEEP from remembering.

Harriet Campbell.

WHEN GOD SENDS THE NIGHT

When God sends the night,
The river takes its glory.

All the wet morning
It crawls in its sluggishness,
All the white noon
Between its red shoulders,
All the slow evening
Past haggard snags,
Only a steaming flow—
Yellow mud only.
Never a ripple
Never a swishing,
Never a hurry
Biding its time.

God brings the twilight,
Draws the stars over.
Skies burn with sun's light
Long since forsaken.

Out of nocturnal mist
Flows a pale woman.
Out of the death of day
She takes her glory,
Nebulous as the night,
No more witholden,
Clasping the burning night
Close to her bosom,
Trembling in blue and gold,
Purple inmingled.
Slips off her veil of mist,
Loving instead
Starpoints within her hair,
Stars for her head.

Nelle Malone Edwards.

NEVER AGAIN

Never again this wild revolt against
Things as they are.
Slack clouds hiding the pale serenity
Of a bland moon,
Tall trees bowing before a pitiless wind,
Wild in its newfound freedom,
The placid pool, shivering in uncertainty;
The wind dies.

A vain struggle ceases
With the changing wind.

Lora Solomon.

DEATH

"Death is beautiful," they say,
"The God-loved are first taken,"
They murmur stilted phrases
And nod their heads.

But it is not so—
Death is tears—
Empty hours of despair,
Rebellion and defeat.

Lora Solomon.

THE STARS ABOVE

The stars above
Shine forth
From the celestial sphere,

As open doors
That bring
The soul of heaven near.

Charlotte Tyus.

MY THOUGHTS

In reading
Thoughts of others
I travel through the ages past.

Shall I write
Down my thoughts
To try to make the present last?

Charlotte Tyus.